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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DECAMERON, &c.; by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin. 3 vols. 8vo.

Though occupying the first place in our Reviewing Department, we beg leave to premise, that this is not a *Review*, but a *Notice* of the work whose title it bears. Our limits would prevent our doing justice to a publication so interesting to the literary world, even were we not hindered by other impediments equally potent, but which, that our critical chair may have due reverence, we shall prudently forbear to specify. Moreover, albeit we are of those of whom it may truly be said, "this tretse liketh hem," Heaven forefend that we should at once enter into all the arcana of which its many pages treat. We cannot afford nine guineas for a meal, however sumptuous, and must husband the provision which costs us (poor critics) so dear; and like a school-boy, to whom kind mamma has sent a large cake, take a little bit now and then to prolong the enjoyment, and at the same time consult the stomach in the important consideration of digestion. We do not mean to infer that we should be sick were we to eat all at once; but then we must sit longer than ever Apicius did, and we would not be gluttons, even in literature, in which, as in every thing else, temperance is the best system.

This book has been long anxiously looked for by the lovers of letters; and, as far as we are judges of such matters, it seems calculated to fulfil almost every rational expectation formed of it. Yet, after all, it is more curious than entertaining, though the author has done much to give variety and humour to what was dry in his subject. His style is not only facetious, but the mode of decameronic treatment which he has adopted is judiciously contrived for this relief. And however unattractive some of the details may be, it must be admitted that scarcely any thing can be uninteresting which traces the progress of printing, (of all arts the most useful and important,) of its chief ornaments, and of design, book-making, engraving, binding, and all the allied arts, connected with that which renders human knowledge immortal.

The Bibliographical Decameron is divided into "ten days' pleasant discourse upon illuminated manuscripts, and sub-

jects connected with early engraving, typography, and bibliography." The interlocutors are Lysander, Lisardo, Belinda, Almanza, Philemon, and Lorenzo. During the first three days, Philemon is the chief speaker, and devotes his inquiries to the history of "*illuminated manuscripts, of printed books of devotion, and of works ornamented with engravings*, from the period of block book-printing to the middle or latter end of the sixteenth century:"—the three following days are occupied by Lysander, with "*some account of the origin and early progress of printing* on the Continent, bringing the subject down to the same period with which Philemon concluded, and illustrating it with the *devices, &c. of printers*:"—the next three are Lisardo's, who gives "*some account of real and imaginary portraits of printers, of decorative printing, of book-binding ancient and modern, and of book sales by auction*:"—the last day is devoted to *literary bibliography*, under the presidency of Lysander.

Such is the general outline of this publication, which in the rest of its framework also keeps the model of Boccaccio in view. But perhaps the lovers of Bibliomania may expect more from us than this concise summary. We shall gratify them by glancing over the Ten Days seriatim.

First Day, we have an account of the most ancient manuscripts written in capital letters. A brief view of the progress of the arts of design and composition, in illuminated MSS. from the Vth to the XVIth century inclusively. This chapter is full of curious research and information: The notes, which are copious throughout all the volumes, in this part furnish a more distinct and comprehensive history of the drawing and composition of the earlier and middle ages, than any work with which we are acquainted. Some of the ornaments are exquisitely beautiful, and others remarkably grotesque.

Second Day treats of ancient missals and breviaries: the Roman, Ambrosian, Mozarabic, and Vallambrosa, rituals;—ornaments of printed books of devotion: the dance of death; allegorical, pastoral, grotesque, and domestic subjects of decoration;—of the most distinguished printers of missals, &c. and advice to young collectors. The ornaments here

are not so fine, but equally strange and worthy attention. The coarsest representation of many ancient customs cannot be contemplated without deep interest. To enliven our notice, we may venture to extract some specimens of early English poetry, as written in latin books of devotion imported from the Continent. In one of these, a volume of *Horæ*, printed by Regnault, in 1536, there is a set of prints illustrating, among others, the following distichs:

Dauid was enamoured of Bersabee. In the Bathe whan he her se.

Dauid his lust to optayn.
Made Vrye to be slayn.

Dauid by Nathan beyng re-
p[re]ued. Peccani sayd sore greued.

Dauid promised to Bersabee.
Solomon to be Kyng of Judee.

A singular whole-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth, upon her knees, appears at page 114, copied from Her Majesty's Prayer-book. It is not unlike her coin.

Third Day embraces engraved ornaments of printed books, block books, books of chiromancy and physiognomy, bibles, ancient classics, German publications, romances, works of grotesque character, Italian classics and novels, &c. &c.; and is replete with amusing matter. The ornaments are numerous.

Fourth Day is one of the most generally interesting of the whole; it is confined to the origin and early progress of printing. The story of Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoiffer, differs in some respects from that published in No. xliii. of the Literary Gazette, from the *Biographie Universelle*, and both seem involved in obscurity on certain points, which we imagine will never now be elucidated. This chapter, which concludes the first volume, has only one print.

Fifth Day continues the same subject, the progress of printing in Germany; its rise and progress in France and the Low Countries; also at Venice, the Aldine press and other celebrated presses in Italy. There are also portraits of printers, and an account of the introduction of title-pages. This is a valuable chapter, and richly decorated with cuts. Much of it, however, is taken up with the *devices* of printers, (we mean their distinguishing marks!) which is rather dry reading.

Sixth Day, the same subject continued, with an account of the early printing at Louvain. This is also richly embellished.

Seventh Day includes decorative printing, title-pages, capital initials, woodcut portraits of eminent characters, comparison between ancient and modern printing; paper and vellum; modern English printers of note. This enumeration is the promising index to a pleasing treatise, and the reader will not be disappointed. It is shewn (inter alia) that all the pretended portraits of Caxton, Wynkin de Worde, and Pynson, our earliest Typographers, are forgeries, and that those of Grafton and John Day may be esteemed the earliest authentic likenesses of English printers. That the faces of several of our living printers may not be doubted three centuries hence we are favoured with well executed portraits of Messrs. Bulmer, Bensley, and Nichols. — In the notices of publications of the present day we were glad to see (p. 412) our opinion of the Greek Thesaurus (*Literary Gazette*, Dec. 13.) fully confirmed. Mr. Dibdin mentions a circumstance which had escaped us, — that attempts to produce such a work had failed in Denmark, Russia, Germany and France; and it is highly honourable to our national literature that the materials should flow with such profusion from voluntary and private sources for the new English edition.

There is a striking specimen of Mr. John Whittaker's printing in gold at page 417, and Magna Charta has, we are informed, been produced in this splendid style. As this piece is unique, and the mode is a secret, we shall transcribe the description of

MAGNA CHARTA IN LETTERS OF GOLD.

"This sumptuous and extraordinary work consists of 12 leaves, of what may be called broad-royal folio; having the text of that famous Charter printed in Gothic letters, of gold, upon their respective rectos. The limits of the text itself are seven inches and five eighths, by five and two eighths; and this text is printed either upon thick drawing paper, or vellum, or satin; each of the two latter sometimes varied by a ground of purple: thus renewing the taste of the earlier ages of blazoning. The work is dedicated to the Prince Regent, and the arms of King John, and those of his Royal Highness, usually precede, in the illuminated copies, the first page of the text."

These copies are further declared to be inconceivably splendid in their general appearances, and in the felicity of their execution where scrolls or arms are added.

Eighth day: we have here book-binding, ancient and modern, with many

anecdotes, and some examples of the subjects chosen to adorn outsides. This concludes the second volume.

Ninth Day. Characters of deceased and living book-auction-loving Bibliomaniacs, and details of book-sales since 1811. This part is enriched with some modern portraits, and contains the annals of the far-famed Roxburghe club. There is rather a harshness in the drawing of some of the characters which may, for aught we know, boast of truth, but is not at all *l'aimable*. Indeed the humorous vein in which the author tries to write is least advantageously employed when he aims at satire.

Tenth Day is a brief view of Bibliographical literature in Italy, France, and Germany, and a supplementary account of booksellers, libraries, book-collectors, and private presses in England. This chapter would in itself make an agreeable little volume. As we said at first, this is only a notice, and we cannot enter into extracts. Yet, as a thing of consequence to the literary world, we may just state from this division of the decameron, that the trustees of the British Museum have already got the length of 5 vols. 8vo. in the alphabetical catalogue of their printed books, and that the University of Oxford is busily engaged with a catalogue in folio of the printed books in the Bodleian Library. Cambridge, it may be supposed, will follow these excellent examples.

The first book-auction which took place was by Samuel Baker, in January, 1744, in the great room over Exeter Change.

Having brought our very brief analysis of this remarkable production to a close, we shall add little in the way of general remark. The letter-press is admirably executed from Bulmer's Shakespeare press, and the work does honour to the present state of British typography. The multitude of prints are excellently finished, and like the prince of Palagonia's palace, which Goethe describes in our last No., they present the likeness of more monsters than ever the Herald's College imagined. Still they offer many fine studies for design, and neither the artist, the manufacturer, nor the mechanic of taste or genius could turn over these leaves in vain. One elegant composition struck us, — Time drawing up Truth, while Falsehood and its clouds are rolling away; motto *Veritas filia Temporis*. A portrait of Lodovico Dolce (vol. II. p. 335.) is very like Mr. Kemble.

What we most, and indeed what we alone dislike, is the facetiousness of the author. It does not seem to us to be of the

right breed; and if not a sort of conventional slang to be relished by Bibliomaniacs; is likely to be considered as rather low and trifling. We complain however with diffidence: a man is not compelled to be both a good Bibliomaniac and a good buffoon.

The charms of the pursuit so well illustrated in these volumes are not only proven by the zeal of its votaries, but by the feelings of every human being who has even tasted the Pierian spring. There never was a scholar who was not more or less attached to the collection of what he admired so much; and one of the greatest blessings of life, those who can enjoy it will confess a good library to be. Yet we would rather that some of the thousands given for half-rotten editions, had been bestowed for the encouragement of living, or shall we say, of starting talent. If every thing had its price in proportion to its real value, not even the rarity of a Boccaccio, nor the beauty of a Missal, would so far exceed in odds as a hundred pounds to *nothing*, the raising of genius from obscurity, and instead of seclusion, apathy and wretchedness, giving it to independence, energy, and fame.

ROME, NAPLES, AND FLORENCE, IN 1817. *Sketches of the Present State of Society, Manners, Arts; Literature, &c. in these celebrated Cities; by the Count DE STENDHAL.* 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 339.

This is a very amusing book; amusing from the subjects at which it glances, and no less amusing from the absurdities which it contains. The author talks a great deal about the *beau-ideal*: he is himself exactly the English *beau-ideal* of a clever, conceited, volatile, self-sufficient, Frenchman. We have a whimsical saying, "the more you call, the more I wont come;" which may be parodied on M. de Stendhal for *the more he sees, the more he wont think*. Were he to travel for nine hundred years he would never be one whit the wiser, or the better able to put two ideas together and draw a right consequence from them. He would for ever continue to be a flighty genius, music-mad, sentimental, immoral, destitute of judgment, flippant in proportion to his prejudices, presumptuous in proportion to his ignorance, and just capable of describing in a lively manner the impressions of the moment, — every fresh notice placing the same thing in a different light, according to the frame of mind in which the writer happened to be at the time. This very inconsistency is entertaining; and, as no one opinion of so versatile a person is entitled to any

weight, we are more at our ease in galloping with him over Italy, enjoying his anecdotes, being amused with his pictures, and laughing at his follies.

Through the first pages we imagined that he was a mere chattering coxcomb, never two minutes in the same mind, and in short what is called *hair-brained*, who had run a few hundred miles to see two or three theatres. But he improves on acquaintance, and though the ruling passion is still strongly developed, we have a taste of other matters, which are curious in themselves, and rendered more so by the vivacity with which they are touched.

The author is such a hop-skip-and-jump fellow, that it is not easy to follow his motions; and we are sure it would take us infinitely more time than we are willing to bestow on his lucubrations, to endeavour to set them forth in any thing like regular form. Apologising, therefore, for want of arrangement, we shall proceed to make a cento of extracts, which will show (as we think) that this medley, with all its fantasticalness, is one of the most agreeable, for light reading, which has recently issued from the press.

The Theatre of *La Scala*, at Milan, fills our enthusiast with raptures.

If I were to see nothing else, my journey is well paid; my exhausted organs were delighted till they were no longer susceptible of pleasure. I saw, this evening, all that the most luxurious eastern imagination could conceive,—the richest, the most striking, the most singular in architectural beauty;—every thing that fancy could paint to itself in brilliancy of draperies.—... What admirable science, in blending colours harmoniously, is displayed in the disposition of the dresses; it equals the finest pictures of Paul Veronese.

La Scala is the general saloon of the city; there is no society excepting at this theatre, not a private house is ever opened to receive company. We shall meet at *La Scala*, is the appointment for business of every kind. The first sight of it is quite intoxicating; I am in transports as I write this account.

Though a hundred singers or dancers are often seen at once on these boards, we shall not quote all the Count's transports respecting this really fine theatre, which has no light in the audience part, and is entirely illuminated by the lights from the stage, but, by way of keeping his subjects as much together as we can, turn to his notices of other Italian theatres. At Florence,

Every thing is poor in the theatre; dresses, decorations, singers; they are not better than we find in a third rate town in France. There are no ballets except during the Carnival.

At Rome, the theatre Argentina is represented as miserable in every respect.

A minor place of amusement is thus described:

I was very early at the Theatre *Valle*; all the places in the pit are numbered; each must take his seat in the order in which he comes, so that if he is not there early he can hear nothing. I amused myself with reading the regulations of the police; the government understands what sort of people it has to deal with; the laws are most horrible. A hundred strokes with a stick, administered the same instant, on a scaffold kept constantly for the purpose, on the Place Navonne, lighted by a torch, and guarded by a centinel, to any one who shall attempt to take the place of another; while a person daring to remonstrate with the porter at the door, who distributes the places, is sentenced to the galleys for five years.

This is no place for an O. P. row, and not daring to stay much longer, we hasten to take a peep at the new and magnificent theatre of San Carlo, at Naples, which was opened on the 12th of last January.

The *Salle* (audience part) is dazzling; at the first moment of entering, I thought myself transported into the palace of some emperor of the east. Nothing can be more showy, but at the same time more majestic; two things which are not often combined. On this evening I resigned myself wholly to delight.

There is nothing in Europe, I will not say approaching to it, but which can give even a distant idea of it. This theatre, constructed in three hundred days, is a stroke of state policy; it attaches the people to their king more than the best code of laws that could have been framed; it has intoxicated all Naples with patriotism. As soon as the name of Ferdinand is mentioned, *He has rebuilt San Carlo*, they say; so easy is it for a monarch to gain the affections of the people.

The boxes are painted a deep blue, with a profusion of gold and silver ornaments in relief; chiefly golden torches grouped in various ways, intermingled with large bunches of *fleurs de lis*: these ornaments have a great air of magnificence, and produce a very rich effect; they are intersected at intervals by bas-reliefs in silver; I counted twenty-six divisions. The boxes are very large, and have no curtains; every one will hold five or six persons in front. A superb chandelier, blazing with light, which is suspended in the centre, gives amazing resplendency to the gold and silver ornaments.

The other parts of this Theatre correspond with the splendour here described, but we have no space for further details. We cannot however resist one other extract relative to the performances; who would think that dancing was the subject of criticism?

The public were lavish to excess in their applause, the King setting the example. I heard, his Majesty's voice up in my box; the transports were carried almost to madness. The ballet lasted three quarters of an hour. Dupont danced with all the agility

we have seen him display at Paris in *Figaro*. He never makes us feel that he uses exertion, he grows by degrees more and more animated till he comes at last to the highest transports of the passion he would represent; this is the utmost degree of expression of which his art is susceptible. Vestris, Taglioni, and indeed most dancers, cannot conceal the efforts they are making, nor is their dancing progressive; thus they never arrive at what may be called the *volupté* of the art; women in general dance better than men.

After a great deal more of "the beautiful," the "*volupté*," and such a one's *physiognomy* in dancing," we are informed that San Carlo is very favourable to ballets, as a squadron of forty-eight horses manœuvre with the greatest ease upon the stage in Dupont's *Cinderella*,—they are rode by Germans, and charge at full speed! Oh! Covent Garden, hide your diminished head. We shall conclude our *theatricals* with one notice more. "The theatre of Parma is so constructed that a piece of paper torn at the very back of the stage is heard all over the house."

Our traveller in his peregrinations met with multitudes of English, and as his sketches respecting them are diverting, we shall copy out a few of them in this place. We may preface these extracts by stating that with his characteristic inconsistency M. de Stendhal sometimes admires and at other times denies every good quality to the English; that he is generally a *liberal* in his politics, but anti-Bonapartist, and as the fits seize him, a royalist, monarchist, revolutionist, &c.—in fine, the Cynthus of the minute. He protests that we have no taste for music, and truly, cannot distinguish the fine from the execrable. At a grand Church service in the Jesuit's Church at Rome, he says, "One thing astonished me, that I saw two or three Englishmen who really seemed to feel the music." Our national feeling for painting is equally depreciated.

As I quitted the museum of ancient pictures at Portici, I met three English navy Captains who were going in. There are two-and-twenty apartments. I went almost in a gallop the whole way to Naples, but before I arrived at the bridge of the *Magdalena*, I was joined by these three gentlemen, who said that the collection of paintings was admirable, one of the most curious sights in the universe. They must have been there about three or four minutes.

But his anecdotes of the English are more piquant than his opinions;—we

The author is equally conversant with our literature: he tells us that "the *Martinus Scriblerus* of Arbuthnot is forgotten in England as a satire, the wit of which has become obsolete."

select some examples, though the latter are often mixed up with the former.

Naples, 22d Feb. How much do I regret that I cannot say more of a charming ball, given by Mr. Lewis, author of the *Monk*, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Lushington. Amidst the gross manners of the Neapolitans, English purity is a refreshment to the blood. I danced in a Scotch reel with Lord Chichester, a youth of fourteen, who is a simple midshipman (Qu. simply a midshipman!) on board a frigate just arrived. The English know the value of education, particularly in their marine service, and they will soon have occasion to uphold that service in every possible way. I read in the countenance of some Americans who were there, that in thirty years from this time, England will be reduced to being only happy. To this Lord P——, one of the most enlightened men in England assented with a sigh. The English are abhorred every where, particularly by the lower classes of society.²

A few passages lower down in his page our sagacious Frenchman is kind enough to tell us how the Americans are to reduce us to the misfortune of being only happy; and as our Lords of the Admiralty may not be able to read so much in the American countenances which they may behold, we mark it down as a warning for them: "THE AMERICANS IN TWENTY YEARS WILL BE READY TO FALL UPON THEM (the English) WITH FIVE HUNDRED PRIVATEERS!!" Was ever a nation made happy by such means before? The following whimsical characters are given of several of our countrymen.

March 26th. I would go fifty leagues with pleasure to see a man who could argue as powerfully in the cause of *feudality*, as Mr. Brougham in favour of *liberal sentiments*. The conversation of this great statesman has been one of the greatest pleasures I ever experienced, but it is not often that he will talk!

June 27th (Venice.) I was introduced at the theatre to Lord Byron. What a grand countenance!—it is impossible to have finer eyes!—the divine man of genius!—He is yet scarcely twenty-eight years of age, and he is the first poet in England, probably in the world; when he is listening to music it is a countenance worthy of the *beau-ideal* of the Greeks. For the rest, let a man be ever so great a poet, let him besides be the head

of one of the most ancient families in England, this is too much for our age, and I have learnt with pleasure, that *Lord Byron is a wreck*. When he came into the drawing-room of Madame de Staël, at Copet, all the English ladies left it. Our unfortunate man of genius had the misfortune to marry—his wife is very clever, and has renewed at his expense, the old story of *Tom Jones and Bliffl*. Men of genius, are generally mad, or at least very imprudent, (ergo M. de Stendhal is according to his own dicta a man of genius;) his Lordship was so atrocious as to take an actress into keeping for two months. If he had been a blockhead, nobody would have concerned themselves with his following the example of almost all young men of fashion; but it is well known that Mr. Murray, the bookseller, gives him two guineas a line for all the verses he sends him. He is absolutely the counterpart of M. de Mirabeau; the feudalists, before the revolution, not knowing how to answer the *Eagle of Marseilles*, discovered that he was a monster. The Provençal could laugh at what befel his countryman; the Englishman it appears thought proper to take up the matter in a high tragic tone. The injustice which this young Lord has met with in his own country, has rendered him, it is said, gloomy and misanthropic. Much good may it do him! If at the age of 28, when he can already reproach himself with having written six volumes of the finest poetry, it had been possible thoroughly to know the world, he would have been aware that in the 19th century there is but one alternative, to be a *blockhead* or a *monster*. Be this as it may, he is the most delightful monster I ever knew; in talking of poetry in any literary discussion he is as simple as a child; the reverse is the case with an Academician. He can speak the ancient Greek, the modern Greek, and the Arabian. He is learning the Armenian language here of an Armenian Papa, who is occupied in composing a very curious work to ascertain the precise situation of the Garden of Eden. This work, Lord Byron, whose *sombre* genius adores the Oriental fictions, will translate into English. Were I in his place, I would pass myself off as dead, and commence a new life, as Mr. Smith, a worthy merchant of Lima.

What a noble tribute to the moral character of Britain is here unconsciously paid by this profligate Frenchman! He acknowledges elsewhere indeed that the young Roman prelates who have travelled, agree that "England is the only country in the world in which any religion is really to be found," but this is only a sort of sneer from a man of no religious principle, and we were not prepared even for an involuntary confession of our moral excellence also. The subjoined notice is of the same complexion: the parties may be readily guessed.

There was at Venice an Englishman who had run away with his Sister-in-law, and afterwards married her. This little sally cost him 30,000l. sterling; he thanked the unfortunate husband in the public papers for

giving him this opportunity of shewing his love. No *Englishwoman* at Venice would receive this lady, but as she is very pleasing in her manners, she was received in all companies by the *Italian ladies*. The most frozen imagination could not conceive any thing so freezing as the manner in which these two passionate lovers live together. There is not the least shade of any thing like disagreement, but a coldness and apparent indifference which a Frenchwoman could not endure for a day, though from a King. I am so satisfied of the truth of what I say, that I cannot doubt it; yet neither can I sufficiently express my astonishment. I ascribe it to the national pride. An Englishman would consider his dignity as degraded if he should suffer any woman whatever to consider herself as essential to his happiness.

We trust this melancholy picture will make a deeper impression on our fair and married countrywomen. We trust that with a keener insight into human nature than this writer possesses, they will not ascribe to national pride (though whatever the cause, the effect with regard to the unhappy woman is the same,) but to satiety, and to that contempt of the weakness, and suspicion of the criminality to which we ourselves were parties, that must ever close the scene of conjugal infidelity and guilty indulgence. Never yet did aught but wretchedness await the outcast female whom lawless love deluded from her wedded and maternal duties, to embrace the shame of a vicious passion. Where esteem and confidence cannot exist, short must be the reign of hot and self-consuming pleasure;—the once false is no longer trusted or thought true even by the man for whom she has sacrificed family, reputation, the virtuous life, and the dearest visions of futurity. No, no, disgrace, and remorse, and oh! we hope repentance, are the enlisted followers of female indiscretion—female crime.

Having alluded in strong terms to the libertine principles of the author, we shall justify our censure.—Speaking of Italian husbands, he says—

Shall I venture to dive to the bottom of morals here? According to all that I have been able to learn, I believe there are as many husbands unfortunate at Paris as at Bologna—as many at Berlin as at Rome. The difference is, that the sin arises from vanity at Paris; at Bologna it is caused by the sun. I believe the husbands in the middling classes in England, and in all the classes at Geneva, to be more exempt than any others from this calamity; but then, in good truth, the *onus of Ennui*, with which the exemption is paid, is a little too powerful; give me rather Paris with all its faults.

May we never see the day when Britain would exchange for the dissoluteness of any country, that purest blessing of so-

¹ Not the Post-Master General.

² The French, on the contrary, are adored in Italy, though a curious proof of this occurs at page 276, where it is discovered, "at our last retreat from Italy, Count Grenier having occasion to send a Colonel, a friend of mine, to the Austrian General—who would believe it?—this French Colonel was obliged to invoke the protection of the enemy's hussars, to pass through the villages on his route, the inhabitants of which would have laid violent hands upon him. I saw his carriage stuck through in a hundred places with pitchforks. This scene took place on the banks of the Po, towards Piacenza!" &c.

cial life, of which profligacy has so false a notion as to class its exquisite enjoyments with ennui and weariness!

We shall quote one more tribute from vice to virtue—from the rankness of foreign manners, to the purity of those of our native land.

May 8, (Florence.) Would you have a portrait of one of the charming Milady's that we have here, take it. Lady R. is 26 years of age; she is not ugly, very mild, and passably polite; it is not her fault that she is not more amusing, it is the result of having seen so little; for she has good sense, is very natural, and not at all assuming; her tone of voice is mild, even approaching to something like silliness: if she had been educated in France, she would have been delightful. I drew her into giving me an account of her mode of life; she is wholly occupied with her husband and children, without austerity or ostentation. She might be pleasing, she is ennuyeux.

The horrid monster! what? love her husband and children, and not act the harlot as in France! Oh, intolerably dull and stupid brute! But would to heaven that all our travelling Fair merited the like abuse.

Our readers will, we are sure, pardon us for being a little grave on these topics: by way of amends we shall select a few miscellaneous specimens, which may be more entertaining. The following definition of a synonyme would have brought an endless laugh upon an Irishman:

"Every one of the conquered languages has brought *synonymes* into the victorious one; and what *synonymes*? gracious Heaven! they have often a sense directly opposite.

Reasons for remembering a picturesque country.—I have been travelling in a Sediola by moon-light; I love the aspect of the Apennines illuminated by the star of night. A *Sediola*, as the name implies, is a little chair fixed between two *very high wheels*; we drive the horse ourselves, which goes on a full trot, at the rate of three leagues an hour.—I was yesterday overturned three times, but it was my own fault, not that of the roads; the horse went at the rate of nearly four leagues an hour. The attention being strongly fixed on the landscape, we cannot easily forget a country which we have gone over in a *Sediola*.

We shall next hear of astronomy being advantageously studied by a tumbler in performing summer-saults.

Whimsical Anecdote.—A priest at Milan took it into his head to have miracles performed by means of a young man whom he instructed; the governor seeing the object at which he aimed, sent them both to prison:—"I have no doubt," said he to them publicly, "that to-morrow you will be at liberty; this little additional miracle cannot be difficult to you, and will be very important in silencing the incredulous; for myself, I engage not to arrest you again."

Spirited contrast between the Florentines

and Milanese.—All the Florentines are very meagre. At the coffee-houses one sees them take for their breakfast nothing but a single cup of coffee with milk, and a roll the most diminutive possible; this meal costs about four sous, and they dine for about eleven or twelve sous. Their dress is in the same style, a coat well brushed, but never a new one; every thing among them breathes the most rigid economy. In all respects they are the very opposite of the Milanese, never are the expanded and happy features of the latter to be seen among them. At Milan, the great business is to dine well; at Florence, to make people believe they have dined.

Though we have not half exhausted the selection which we had marked to illustrate this strange, but exceedingly amusing volume, the extent to which it has already carried us, warns us to leave the rest to the perusal of the work itself, which, from its vivacity, ease, and even (as we set out by saying) absurdity, are calculated to render it very popular. We have, however, been strongly tempted to transfer to our pages some further anecdotes of considerable interest, some curious information respecting the lives of the principal composers and performers of modern Italy, and some cursory notices relative to the arts. The latter, indeed, we shall copy into that department of some future Number; and now conclude with M. de Stendhal's version of the retreat from Moscow, which has at least the merit, if not of truth, of entire novelty.

Count Neri engaged me one day, *confidentially*, to give him the whole account of the campaign of Moscow, with the maps before us. I had two officers with me, who were there; I told him that nothing was more plain and simple than the transaction, and that, till I got to Paris, I never thought that I had escaped great perils! While we were dying with hunger, I said, as far as the Beresina, the cold was not severe, and when we were assailed with such dreadful snow and frost, we found plenty of provisions in the Polish villages. For the rest, if Prince Berthier had had the least spirit of order, and if Buonaparte had had resolution enough to have two soldiers shot every day, he would not have lost 6000 men in the whole retreat.

The translation (though neither free from Gallicisms nor very elegant) is evidently too faithful to permit us to think that the Count has been misrepresented: for the rest, to use an odious phrase which occurs too often in this book, the young officer deserves himself the merit of this most extraordinary story.

THE NORTHERN STAR, or Yorkshire Magazine. No. VI, for December.

We noticed in its origin this periodical publication, and hailed it as a good sign of literature superseding party bickerings,

and foreign news not worth gleaning, that works of this class should start in the provinces, and prove that it was from no want of talent that country magazines did not enter into honourable competition with town magazines, as country newspapers had long held an equal pace with those of the metropolis. We are glad to observe from the Number before us, which completes the first Volume, that the Yorkshire Magazine does justice to our prognostications, and is not a Yorkshire bite. Seriously, we have been much gratified in the perusal of this work, and with that candour which we trust will ever distinguish the Literary Gazette in speaking of its contemporaries, we take pleasure in stating our sentiments, in the hope that they may tend to diffuse a knowledge of this agreeable Miscellany, which is yet so new as not (we trust) to be above accepting a kindness of this sort from our hands.

Though there is a great deal of local information in the Northern Star, it yet embraces so large a circle of an interesting part of the country, as to afford much amusement to general readers, as well as a peculiar treat to readers more intimately connected with the site of its lucubrations. Its topographical papers, and views of picturesque scenery, antiquities, &c. and its accounts of the manufactures in the most important of our manufacturing districts, are curious and intelligent. The selections, biography, literature, poetry, &c. being more in common with other publications, we shall pass them by, and lay before the public a specimen of the more original matter.

STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.—Tis not in the power of language to convey any adequate idea of the appearance of the Staffordshire potteries; they form a scene of a novel kind, totally different from the general character of an English town; and if the term *amorphous* can ever be with propriety applied to an aggregate of buildings, no place on earth can more forcibly claim the epithet.

Conceive twelve or fourteen populous villages, covering an area of ten miles by two, so closely connected as to leave between them no perceptible separation, and you will have a tolerable idea of the extent of this manufactory!

Conceive again a large house, built of the finest materials, furnished in the most superb manner, and apparently better adapted for the palace of a grandee than the modest mansion of a tradesman; surrounded with furnaces, kilns, and sheds, and perpetually involved in smoke; and you have a faint sketch of the habitation of a gentleman potter!

The smelting of lead, and the converting of it into any oxide, is universally allowed to produce the excruciating disease the bel-

land; the vapours of sulphur lay the foundation of spasms and contractions; the inhaling of sublimed arsenic causes almost instant suffocation, nor is any preparation of tin, copper, or antimony, perfectly salutary to the functions of vitality. Imagine then all these ingredients mixing with the steam of the drying clay, and you will have some conception of the purity of air breathed in a pottery. Paint to yourself some thousands of human beings subjected to the joint influence of such an atmosphere, labouring under a complication of disorders which generally terminate in asthma or consumption. See these emaciated wretches every day renewing an occupation which shortens the enjoyment of life, for the sole purpose of procuring a scanty aliment to prolong, if possible, a miserable existence. Survey then the ornaments of your tea-table, and learn by reflection, how numerous are the sufferings and privations of one part of mankind, in order to supply the other with imaginary comforts, and useless luxuries.

In a commercial view, however, the potteries rank high. Foreign markets are hence supplied with a ware peculiar to this country, and superior in its kind to any continental manufacture. India is rivalled in her porcelain, and even the antique vases of Italy have yielded up their composition to the chemical research of the philosophizing potter, who can reproduce them in such perfection, as to elude the scrutinizing criticism of the most curious connoisseur.

After quoting from Mr. Accum's Chemistry a description of "the method of making pottery," the Editor proceeds as follows.

An old tradesman on his journey from Staffordshire to London, fell into company with an intelligent ostler at one of the inns where he slept, to whom he lamented, in pathetic terms, that he feared he should lose his horse before his return, from a disorder that had invaded his eyes, and rendered him almost blind; the ostler proposed to cure him, and taking a flint out of his tinder-box, made it red hot in the kitchen fire, when by suddenly quenching it in water, it became friable, and he soon beat it to a fine powder. This powder he blew into the horse's eyes, and probably thus saved his life. The old gentleman (who, however interested he might be for his animal, was much more so for his trade), eyed the powder with surprise, and from its whiteness conjectured that a similar preparation might be used with advantage, in making a whiter kind of ware than had hitherto been manufactured. On his return home he had the satisfaction of finding that he had reasoned rightly, and the use of calcined flint soon became general throughout the pottery. For a long time it was pounded by manual labour, which gave place to horse mills, and they in their turn have been superseded by water and steam mills. The river Churnet works many of them, and their construction is well worth the inspection of the curious observer.

Etruria (1803,) is the only place in the Potteries that has any pretension to beauty, or even regularity. The sole property of Mr. Wedgewood—he built this village as

one large street, and numbered every dwelling. His manufactory he placed at the end contiguous to the canal, and fixed his residence in the park adjoining. Thus, like the Baron of feudal times, he lived among his vassals, revered as a parent, respected as a chief.

This village, though perhaps containing upward of six-score families, furnishes but a small proportion of the workmen of Messrs. Wedgewood and Byerly. The number of hands employed at the "Queen's Pottery," may be perhaps best estimated by considering that the proprietors, at their own expense, maintain a corps of volunteers, (I think of three companies,) entirely composed of their own men. Mr. Byerly is Capt. Commandant, and every man receives from him the same wages for his attendance in the field, as he would have had, had he continued at work. The Etruria volunteers have never a bad muster.

One thing only is wanting in Etruria to render the offspring of this private colony, fully sensible of the advantages of its situation: that thing is a good school; for though Mr. Wedgewood, when he built the village, erected a school-house, the endowment has always been too little to encourage any man of abilities to abide here. A school on the Lancasterian plan would be attended with incalculable benefit.

Public spirit and independency of principle are the constant attendants on trade and manufacture. The potters in an eminent degree possess both. Their canals, their subscription churches, and their dispensary, are monuments of the one; and their formation into companies congenial to their individual sentiments evince the other. They have their Odd Fellows, their Clubs, and their Thespians; their religionists and their visionaries; their debating and their political societies.—Their women too, from their employment in the manufactories and their frequent converse with men, learn every thing but what should make them modest virgins, managing housewives, tender wives, and good mothers.

From the modern we turn to the ancient, and the annexed notice of *St. Leonard's Cross*, near Thrybergh, appears worthy of a place in any literary publication.

A tradition is current in Thrybergh to this effect. Sir Leonard, a knight of that neighbourhood, left his lady to go abroad, probably into Palestine in the time of the Crusades, where remaining many years, he was believed to be killed, and his widow, as she thought herself, was prevailed upon to accompany another knight to the altar. In the midst of the ceremony, when all eyes were fixed upon the bridegroom and the bride, a voice tremendous as thunder was heard to exclaim, "Forbear! the lady is my wife." Sir Leonard was soon recognized, the lady gladly returned to her husband, and they both instantly disappeared from among the company. As his sudden appearance could not be accounted for by any natural means, it was believed that the knight had been brought thither by the help of magic, and that the spot on which he first touched

the ground was the site on which the cross, since called "Sir Leonard's," has been erected.

There appears to me so great a similarity between this story and that of "Alonzo the Brave and the fair Imogene," as to make it probable that one tradition has served as the foundation for both: or, which is equally as probable, that the poetical Alonzo was the traditional Sir Leonard.

THOUGHTS on the RISE and PROGRESS of the late DISTURBANCES, and on the Conduct of His Majesty's Government.

We are not fond of political discussions, for no man who meddled with them ever yet avoided offence to one side or other. Politics are the enemy of literature. They are besides dry, and their importance is the only quality which renders them interesting. But this pamphlet is so able, temperate, and judicious, that we think we can offend no good man, and we are sure we may benefit the general community by recommending it strongly to perusal. Arguments so moderately urged, views so calmly taken, and subjects of vital consequence so impartially considered, lose to the author the character of partizan, and entitle him to the praise of an independent British citizen, who, in pressing his opinion on certain points, is discharging a debt which he owes his country, and fulfilling a duty which his conscience prescribes. Were all controversies so conducted, we should have nothing to lament of that bitterness which in politics is so unworthy of brethren of the same nation, and in religion so unbecoming of Christians.

Who the author is we know not; but though his name should be for ever concealed, we trust that his example, in this respect, will be nevertheless followed.

In his discussion of our recent politics the Spencean system is well defined; and it is shewn that no principles so agreeable to the dregs of society ought to be condemned as innocuous and void of danger. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act is defended as a measure of prevention; and this is upheld as infinitely more constitutional and more humane than suffering the mischief, grafted on the national distress, to grow to a head, and putting it down by military force. We are no friends to any encroachment upon the liberties of the subject, and it is only as a lesser evil that we should at any time assent to the temporary removal of this sacred protection of individual rights. Not that we fear the abuse of power—thanks to a free press that is impossible—but our very admiration of the constitution, and our loyal attachment to the Govern-

ment by which it is administered, would render us always unwilling, on any case short of absolute necessity, to encroach upon the former, or clothe the latter with an invidious authority. But we enter not into the question; the public has made up its mind upon it, and we are not vain enough to imagine that any thing we could advance would alter a single opinion. Those who still doubt we refer to this pamphlet.

The author enters at some length into the abstract question of the propriety of employing spies in turbulent times; but as we do not design to do more than briefly notice his work, we shall decline doing injustice to any of his arguments, and conclude by quoting two or three paragraphs as a specimen of his manner. On the Habeas Corpus Suspension, he says:

It is much better that a few bad men should be detained in prison, than that the innocent victims of their seduction should be given up to military execution. How much better was it to resign, for a short time, some part of our liberties that the whole might be preserved! The Suspension Act has now been passed for nearly twelve months. Has any honest man felt himself injured by it? Might not the government defy even malevolence itself to produce a single instance of detention in prison, except upon strong grounds of suspicion? Have not the prisoners been brought to trial with as much dispatch as circumstances could possibly admit? And have not numbers been discharged whose safe custody was no longer necessary? With this challenge I close the subject.

A warm eulogy on the moderation and firmness of Lord Sidmouth closes this publication, against which we do not believe there can be one dissentient voice in the kingdom.

VOYAGE EN ANGLETERRE, EN 1810
et 1811, par L. SIMOND, à Paris.

A French traveller's observations on England, as reviewed by a French critic, will, we hope, be found to possess considerable entertainment for our readers.

This work, though recently published, has already reached a second edition. The author has adopted the modest form of a Journal; he describes things in the order in which they presented themselves to his notice; we follow him without effort and without fatigue, and pause with pleasure in the places where he sojourned. No observation escapes him, though he does not pretend to be a scholar, a statesman, or a philosopher. He is an instructive and lively prattler, whose conversational style abounds in brilliant strokes, equally in unison with reason and good taste, and without the slightest tinge of research or affectation.

There is, perhaps, too frequent a recurrence of picturesque descriptions; but they

are neither overcharged nor affected. In England, nature presents so beautiful, so rich, and so varied a form, that it would have been difficult to forbear delineating objects at once so novel and captivating.—There mankind seem to have no other occupation than to cultivate the earth, and gather its fruits, like our first parents, before their sin; ornaments, either natural or contrived by art, conceal from the eye every trace of labour.—“England,” says M. Simond, “seems to constitute the pleasure-grounds of London, which are cultivated merely for the sake of amusement, and in which every thing is subordinate to picturesque luxury and ostentation. We are here in a retired corner, 278 miles from the capital, a place without trade or manufactures, and yet it is precisely like the neighbourhood of London. The soil, though half rock, is sold for its weight in gold, merely on account of the beauty of the situation. The difficulty of procuring servants and workmen is a general complaint; finally, there are not enough of poor for the rich.”

All this would be too delightful, were there no reverse to the medal. M. Simond, like all men of lively imagination, yields to the pleasure of describing what strikes him at the moment, without taking the trouble to ascertain whether or not he is perfectly consequent. Thus he closes the picture above quoted, by the following comparison:—“Frederick the Great condemned every dragon to be bastonaded, who should happen to fall from his horse:—‘I know not how it happens, said he, but none of them fall now.’ Perhaps the dread inspired by the overseers or church-wardens prevents the English from becoming poor.” This confession amounts to something; but here is one still more important:—“When I ask great landed proprietors, and even farmers, why they do not build houses for their labourers, they usually observe, that they are nests of vermin, pouchers, and pilferers. These expressions seem somewhat hard, and I confess they diminish the ideas of universal felicity, which the appearance of the country would induce one to form. Far from erecting such houses, the rich destroy them, or let them fall to decay; the labourers generally reside in some little detached town or village. There are then obscure corners, in which the poor are heaped up like sweepings from the doors of the rich. In order to form a correct notion of the general prosperity, one must observe all that passes in these corners.”

The author enters into minute details concerning the poor-laws, and the inconveniences to which they give rise; he observes, that the overseers who are entrusted with the management of the treasury of the poor, are more devoted to the maintenance of their own paltry authority, than to the cares of humanity. Eager to domineer, they pry into all that passes in the families of the poor, whom they subject to the most odious tyranny. From the account given by M. Simond, we are tempted to believe, that it is better to run the risk of shocking our economists by the sight of a few rags and

These learned Thebans never heard of our eight millions a year of poor's rates.

tatters, than to impose on the indigent, succour for which they must pay so dear a price.

Who will believe it? The manufactures of England, though envied by the rest of Europe, and admired by every foreigner who has enjoyed an opportunity of observing them, are, or will one day, become the greatest scourge of the nation. M. Simond, who cannot be accused of viewing the worst side of things, acknowledges that the manufacturing population is in general corrupt, degenerated, both in morals and constitution, and equally seditious, whether in prosperity or misery. At Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow, the machines are admired, and the workmen pitied, but particularly the children:—to live in the neighbourhood of a manufactory is a sad destiny for childhood. To work for more than 12 hours, with a short intermission, and after that to attend school for one hour, a duty by no means calculated to amuse the mind—such is the daily life of these unfortunate little beings.

But we must distinguish from these manufactures a number of establishments which do honour to human genius, and in which the steam-engine executes all the labours of an immense manipulation. The almost general application of the steam-engine, as a principle of motion, occasions a vast saving both of money and workmen, and in some measure accounts for the extraordinary efforts which England has made, without impeding either the increase of her riches or her population. There luxury employs more men than in any other nation: this is apparent from the vast number of male-servants out of place, to be met with in the streets of London; they are calculated to amount to 50,000. This is certainly not the greatest advantage which has resulted from the use of the steam-engine.

In sketching the picture of a country which has created for herself an existence out of all proportion to the extent of her territory and population, in comparison with other European states, the highest and most abstract questions of political economy must frequently present themselves. These questions the author has in general treated in a summary but very substantial way. He rests on the authority of the best English and Foreign writers on the subject, particularly on that of Mr. Malthus. These discussions are enlivened by an animated style, and by striking observations, though perhaps with here and there a few paradoxes; and are intermingled with facts and descriptions which augment the interest of the work to the reader who wishes for information, and by no means diminish its attractions to him who looks only for amusement.

Though, for her industry and agriculture, England is superior to all the rest of the world; though in the cultivation of the sciences, she yields to no other nation; though it cannot be denied that she possesses great beauties in literature, yet she is by no means happy in the cultivation of those arts which are termed the ornaments of life; we do not allude to those frivolities of which it would be childish to boast; but

to architecture, painting, and music. Except St. Paul's Cathedral, our author mentions no edifice, either public or private, throughout England, which can be truly styled remarkable, not even among the castles, which present all the magnificence of the feudal ages, and in which the most captivating luxury of art assists and embellishes nature.

M. Simond bestows but little eulogium on the English painters; but we must likewise add, that he speaks irreverently of the Gods of Painting, *Raphael, Guido, Titian, &c.* It is only within these few years, that there has existed in London a public exhibition of pictures, similar to our *Salon*, under the auspices of a society, who employ the money received for admissions, and certain sums provided by their members, in the purchase of pictures, but these pictures are too few in number to afford real encouragement to artists; thus they almost exclusively devote themselves to portrait painting. The Government should devote funds to this object; but then what would the opposition say! We must not, however, be too hasty in condemning the English; perhaps neither their climate nor their habits permit them to cultivate the arts, and to go against nature would only be adding a fresh instance of insanity to those which they already manifest!!!¹

Our author speaks of the English tragedy like a Frenchman, and of the French tragedy like an Englishman; he does not, however, go so far as to blaspheme our great poets, and it cannot be denied that our tragic system is defective with regard to nature and effect; this, however, we would rather tolerate than see our stage dishonoured by monstrous compositions. We know that the English tragedy admits of farce and buffoonery, and the English actors even overstep the boundaries of this licence; the following is a description of the dumb show of one of the grave-diggers in Hamlet:—having set to work, and entered into conversation with his companion, he takes off his jacket, folds it up carefully, and lays it on one side; he then gives two or three blows with his pick-axe, chats, and taking off his waistcoat, folds it up, and lays it above his coat; he then pulls off seven or eight under-waistcoats, examines them leisurely, and with natural gesticulation folds up each in a different way. Every change is rapturously applauded by the audience. M. Simond thought this excellent; in his opinion, a comic episode is very judiciously introduced to restore the spring exhausted by an emotion too long protracted.

As to comedy, it consists of *Lazzi*,² and nobody will now go to see Dryden or Sheridan's plays: every piece is interspersed with what are termed "*nonsense-songs*," infinite-

ly more absurd than our *Amphigouris*, which had their day of favor. These songs amuse the English prodigiously. M. Simond concludes his analysis of several pieces, by observations which are rather remarkable, as proceeding from him.

"These stupid crudities, clumsily linked together by a style destitute of merit, are astonishingly successful: they sometimes made me laugh; but, indeed, if I can reproach myself for having laughed at any thing, it would be the wretched insipidities of the English stage."

Every traveller who has visited England, is naturally asked, whether he was ever present at a parliamentary debate, or at least whether he has seen the interior of the Parliament Houses. M. Simond amply satisfies the curious on these two particulars; what appeared to him most remarkable in the House of Commons, were two narrow galleries, running along both sides of the interior, destined for those members who feel disposed to take a nap during the debate. There, in the face of the public and his colleagues, the honourable Member arranges the cushions, stretches himself out at full length, and snores at his ease, without troubling his head about the progress of the discussion. Another establishment, no less comfortable, and very much frequented by the honourable members, is a kitchen, the excellent *beef-steaks* of which are highly extolled by M. Simond.

There is something humorous in the author's description of the difficulties which must be encountered by those who wish to gain access to the Houses of Parliament, when an interesting debate is expected. For the information of the curious, we shall merely observe, that payment is received for admission as at the doors of a theatre, though many persons previously provide themselves with an order.

M. Simond very ingeniously compares the trials to which English ministers are subject, to those to which the savages of America condemn their chiefs, in order to ascertain whether they possess the qualities requisite for commanders. They bury them up to the throat in an ant-hill, pinch, and torment them, and make them endure both hunger and thirst. Authority must, indeed, possess very powerful charms, since man will endure so many sufferings for the sake of obtaining or preserving it. The liberty of the press is another ant-hill; it is impossible to form a notion of all that is published in England, and the perfect indifference with which this licentiousness is tolerated:—"One might naturally suppose, that such disclosures as are made would overwhelm with shame those who are the objects of them; by no means: immediately after the flagellation, which has been administered by the hand of the journalist, an Englishman resumes his rank in society, as though nothing had happened."

We gladly follow M. Simond in his excursions to Wales and Scotland. Wales seems to be more populous than any other part of England; there every thing presents a smiling and flourishing aspect; the houses are dazlingly white, and the inhabitants even

whiten the stones of the roads fronting their abodes; every cottage has its rose-trees, its honey-suckles, its vines, and its pretty little gravel walk leading to the door. A fine race of inhabitants, and, in particular, pretty women; a patriarchal civilization, no manufacturing establishments, no academies, neither arts, sciences, nor politics, but a happy and tranquil population. Who would not sigh at the contemplation of such a picture? who would not wish to end his days in the country in which the ancestors of the good and brave Bas-Bretons defended their liberty against the Danes? Who would not wish to live and die there—*oblitus, cunctorum oblitus, cunctis illis?*

Scotland is at once more barbarous and more civilized; the city of Edinburgh is famed for science and literature; at present, however, there is less controversy than formerly, the country is no longer agitated by the gloomy doctrines of the Presbyterians; the people of Scotland still preserve an affecting recollection of Mary, Edward, and the Count d'Artois, who there experienced the warmest hospitality, and the most marked demonstrations of affection and respect. The humidity of the climate, and mildness of the seasons, render the country extremely fertile. In Scotland, lands let higher than in England; the farmers are more laborious and more sober than their southern neighbours; the manufactures, though less numerous, are in as high a state of perfection as in England.

The Highlanders have undergone a total revolution both in their manners and their character; they are better fed, better sheltered, and better clothed than they formerly were, but they have less vigour, less courage, and less generosity; in a word, they are, with few exceptions, such men as civilization creates. The following anecdote will enable the reader to form a notion of the virtues and vices of the Highlanders of former times:—When a reward of 30,000*l.* was offered for the head of the Pretender, two brothers, named Kennedy, succeeded in concealing him for a considerable time; they frequently committed theft to obtain the food necessary for his existence, and at length exposed their safety so far as to carry off the baggage of a General-Officer, in order to provide the Prince with shirts. Some years afterwards one of these very men, who had resisted the temptation of 30,000*l.*, was sentenced to be hanged for having stolen a cow worth about 30 shillings. On ascending the scaffold for his execution, he took off his bonnet, and thanked heaven that he had never betrayed a fellow-creature, never injured the poor, nor refused to share his bread with the needy; he then with apparent indifference submitted to his fate.—Cows are perfectly safe in Scotland now-a-days; but a fugitive Prince, on whose head a price might be set, would be in a hazardous situation.

A recapitulation full of matter, and a brief sketch of Ireland, form the conclusion of this work, which is, we think, the most complete, instructive, and agreeable in its kind.

¹ Our Author was not aware of the Highlander's notions of black-mail or freebooting.

¹ The British Gallery in Pall-Mall is evidently alluded to.

² What say our friends of the arts to this? We think we could answer for them.

³ By *Lazzi*, is meant dumb show or farcical gesticulation, pantomime.

⁴ Nonsense-songs not being translatable in the original, is printed "*non sense songs*." *Amphigouris* is a familiar appellation for the burlesque.

that has appeared since the re-establishment of our intercourse with England. Fifteen plates and thirteen vignettes, engraved in good style, are an ornament to the work, for which we feel the more grateful to the author, because they were not necessary to ensure the success of the publication."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TOPOGRAPHY OF ATHENS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir, I am perfectly content that Mr. Burrow should have the last "throw in the literary game," although his was the advantage of the first. The criticism contained in his last reply requires no comment.

As I am not to have the happiness of reckoning Mr. Burrow amongst the list of those who entertain the same opinion with myself, on a point of some importance in the elucidation of the topography of Athens, I must be content with the concurrence of such men as Mr. Hawkins; who, from having devoted considerable attention to the subject, during a residence of several years in Greece, may be considered as an ally of some weight.¹ My object in the present application is to request you to correct a mistatement into which Mr. Burrow has perhaps been led by my want of perspicuity. He asserts, that Visconti discovered what I "had not done with ten times the attention—the use of the numeral letters in the inscription." I certainly anticipated M. Visconti in this discovery, for which, however, I would not be understood as claiming any extraordinary degree of merit. My Essay on this inscription recently published by Mr. Walpole, in the "Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey," had been more than two years in the hands of the editor, prior to the visit of M. Visconti to this country.² In this interval I have had an occasion to make one correction in it, which is there noticed.

I have reason to think that Visconti was directed to that remark as well as to the application of the term referring to the *Caryatides*, as they are usually termed, by Mr. William Hamilton, who accompanied him in his visit to the Elgin collection; to whom I had long previously communicated both observations. The little attention Visconti had bestowed upon the subject, is obvious, from the circumstance of his omitting a word, essential to the sense of the passage, which occurs in the preceding line.

¹ Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey, pp. 488, 497.

² Mr. Visconti's observations were published in 1816.

I did not venture upon the publication of this singular specimen of early writing, until I had consulted some of the first scholars of the age: amongst others, Drs. Parr and Maltby; the latter has alluded to it, in terms of approbation, in his edition of Morell's Thesaurus, published in 1815.

This explanation I conceive to be due to yourself and your readers.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM WILKINS.

36, Weymouth-Street, Dec. 17, 1817.

LETTERS ON SWEDEN.

BY BARON BURGOING.

LETTER VIII.

To Sch——.

Stockholm, 180*.

SUPERSTITIONS—APPARITIONS, &c.

What I have already said to you of Gustavus the Third, has probably excited many a smile at the weakness of the human mind. But the most singular is still to come! There was at Stockholm a Finnlander, named Biernramm, who had an office in the Chancery, where he had to translate the Swedish ordinances into the Finland language; a plain modest man, who had nothing of the *charlatan* about him. Without any knowledge of chemistry and physics, he possessed one of the most singular talents that can be imagined. He opened fast-locked doors, without any key or any smith's tool. He only put into the key-hole a pointed piece of wood, made the sign of the cross over it, spoke some words, and—in an instant the door sprung open!—Highly credible, and by no means credulous persons, have assured me themselves, that they have been eye-witnesses of this. Great church doors, which had just been strongly fastened, flew open with much force as soon as he made use of his charm. The eye-witness only observed that B. had a brown polished stone in his hand, of an unknown composition.

The king heard a great deal of this very singular man, who, far from seeking to deceive, endeavoured to avoid celebrity as much as he could; lived in peaceful retirement, and, like a new Proteus, gave proofs of his talents only when compelled. Gustavus wished to be acquainted with him, and intimated that he would send for him, to convince himself of the truth or falsehood of the wonderful powers attributed to him, but informed him, at the same time, that he, (the king,) to guard himself against deception, would not acquaint him beforehand of the particular day or hour: he, however, let him know, (which might as well have been omitted but *relata refero*!) that an old ruinous church, in the neighbourhood of Gripsholm Castle, where, at that time, the court resided, was fixed on for the scene of this operation. From this moment strict watch was of course kept, that nobody should enter the church, in which divine worship had long ceased to be performed.

* Observations, p. xlviii.

In the middle of the night one of the king's courtiers suddenly came to Biernramm's door. B. is in bed. He must get up, and quickly dress himself, under the strictest watch of the king's messenger, get with him into the carriage; and they immediately drove off. They arrive early in the morning at Gripsholm. The king and five of his confidential attendants, and Biernramm, go to the appointed church. B. said beforehand, that he would make a figure appear, which they should see one after another. The figure would appear to all of them with the same features, but to each in a different attitude. He had neither any instrument, (or at least any visible one,) nor any chemical ingredient. After repeating several unintelligible words, he takes the persons present, one after another, by the hand, and brings them into a corner of the church, and what do they see now? a human form standing upright and motionless, but with the eyes open, and every appearance of life. The figure seemed to be a youth of about 15 or 16 years of age, covered in a white garment, something similar to a priest's mantle. One of the spectators saw only the upper half of the arm of this figure, another only the under half; from a third there was hid another part of the figure, as if a kind of mist alternately concealed a part of it from the eyes; but all six, on communicating their observations, agreed that they had seen a youth standing upright, clothed in white. B. could not have produced the successive changes by new processes; for as one of the spectators had contemplated the apparition at his leisure; (every one was allowed six or eight minutes, time enough to prevent any illusion of the senses,) B. led him by the hand back to his place, taking another in his turn to the corner of the church.

The youthful figure was surrounded by a radiant circle; but B. had expressly desired them not to come too near to it, and especially not to touch it, because the touch, as he was convinced, would produce a violent electrical shock. Every one obeyed his instructions. They at last all went away. The spectators, astonished at what they had seen, asked one another the *cui bono* of such a miracle; but could not deny it, and still less explain it.

In order to make you shake your head still more, my dear cautious, sceptical friend! I add, that I have heard all this related in a very small, chosen circle; and even by one of the six eye-witnesses, who is most certainly neither an anecdote hunter nor a visionary. The same Biernramm possessed, as equally credible persons have assured me, several other gifts of this kind, of which he could himself give no account, and would say nothing more than that, "God had given them to him, and that they did not belong to the vaia, arrogant men of learning, who pretended to know the reason of every thing." In fine, he was far from boasting of these wonderful gifts, displayed them unwillingly, and frequently refused requests of this kind, saying, "One must not tempt God." Sometimes, however, he yielded; and the following is an account, by an eye-witness, of what was then seen. "He placed a wooden table without any metal about it, in the middle of

a dark room; and on the table, three candlesticks, either of ivory or of china. When he had then spoken a few words, there issued from the joints of the doors and windows brilliant lights of many colours, which at first danced round the spectators, and then stood still upon the candlesticks, and spread such a light in the room, as if it had been brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers. At another time, he took steel and flint, and struck them together, as one usually strikes a light, when there appeared a radiant figure, which was first visible in one corner of the room; at a second stroke, in a moment changed its place, and showed itself in another corner; and at a third stroke, upon the ceiling."

I looked the relaters of these miraculous stories sharp in the face, to see if they were raving, or if they wanted to make a joke of my credulity; but I am certain that neither was the case. It is equally difficult to deny these stories and to believe them; and the incredulous philosopher is not satisfied with merely doubting. The eye-witness whom I last mentioned, had, during this singular transaction, asked himself: *sogno o son desto?* I asked myself the same question, as he related it to me; and perhaps you will do so likewise, while you are reading this.

EPITAPHS.

For the Literary Gazette.

December 10th, 1817.

Mr. Editor, I was very much pleased with the observations on Epitaphs, which appeared in the last number of your Literary Gazette, and with the specimens of the ludicrous there exhibited. Similar to one of them, is the following:

Here lies the body of Betsey Bowden;
She would live longer, but she could not.
Hir leg, e'en though it budg'd no more,
Still run—alas, one running sore!
Loathsome it ran, both night and day,
But carried Betsey—clean away."

The gentleman who communicated these lines to me, observed: "I can answer for the exactness of the first two, and for the preservation of the general idea in the last four: but in these, I believe, there is more antithesis than is warranted by the original," which is to be found in the church-yard of Little Hempson, in Devonshire.

But one of the most ridiculous epitaphs that has ever come to my knowledge, may be seen on a headstone, at the east end of the church-yard, in the parish of West Allington, in the same county.

Here lieth the body of
Daniel Jeffery the Son of Michael Jeffery and Joan his Wife he
Was buried ye 2 day of September
1746 and in ye 18th year of his Age
This youth When In his Sickness lay
did for the minister Send * that he would
Come & with him pray * But he would not attend
But when this young Man Buried was
the minister did him admit * he should be
Carried into Church * that he might money geet.
By this you See what man will dwo * to geet
money if he can * who did refuse to come
and Pray * by the Foresaid young Man !!!
The above was transcribed, *verbatim et literatim*, as a curiosity in its way. It may not be amiss to add, that on the setting up of

this stone, the church-wardens immediately waited on the minister of the parish, representing to him the offence which the epitaph had given themselves, and his parishioners in general, from the scandalous falsehoods it contained, and the stigma intended to be fixed by it on his character: for they knew, that the deceased had died of a virulent small-pox, and so suddenly, that there was scarcely time for giving notice of his illness before his death confirmed it. They therefore begged, that the epitaph might be obliterated, and that they might be supported by his concurrence in doing it. But he, having gratified the church-wardens' indignation and his own curiosity, by looking at the inscription, desired that it might be permitted to remain; for "he could not allow himself to have a share in the destruction of such poetry!"—This minister was the learned Mr. Pyle, son of Mr. Pyle, formerly of Lynne Regis, in Norfolk, the author of the Paraphrase on St. Paul's Epistles, in the manner of S. Clarke's on the Gospels.

In contrast with the above vulgar abuse, allow me to subjoin an elegant distich, from Stoke-Gabriel, in Devon:

Fair Flower!—transplanted by the hand of Love,
To bud and bloom in milder bowers above."

It were to be wished, that the officiating minister of every parish would exercise a right which he unquestionably possesses; (and for which church-wardens in general are but ill qualified) I mean, that of giving his *imprimatur* to sepulchral publications. Surely no epitaph should appear unsanctioned by the clergyman. From his regular inspection and occasional suggestions, the memorials of the dead would acquire a tone and a spirit of which we can at present form no conception: and even the country church-yard would become a repository of moral instruction and Christian admonition, equally adapted to untutored and cultivated minds. For, cautious in excluding from the epitaph all vulgarity and profaneness, the judicious inspector would never lose sight of simplicity.

MUSEUS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

HYDROPHOBIA.

From the Amsterdam Courant of the 15th.

Frankfort, Dec. 7.

Our Journals have for some time past contained accounts of the salutary effects experienced in Russia from the application of the plant *Alisma Plantago* as a cure for Hydrophobia. Mr. Swinin, a Russian traveller, is said to have discovered this remedy; we now, however, understand, that Mr. Rehmann, one of the physicians of the Emperor of Russia, made known the use of this plant upwards of two years ago.

Mr. Rehmann asserts, that the plant above mentioned is not the only one which the people of Russia regard as an efficacious cure for Hydrophobia: many others are used in the different provinces of that Empire which are celebrated among the country-people as infallible remedies for the bite of a mad dog. We subjoin a list of some of these plants which has been transmitted to us by Mr. Rehmann.

1. *Campabola patula* L.—2. *Campanula glomerata* L.—3. *Gentiana pneumonanthe*.—4. *Gentiana amarella*.—5. *Polemonium ceruleum*.—6. *Hypericum dubium* Leerg.—7. *Thalictrum flavum*.—8. A plant which a Russian botanist supposes to be the *Paris quadrifolia* L. and which is, made use of by the Cossacks of the Don.—9. *Cichoreum intibus*.—10. *Genista tinctoria*.—11. *Tanacetum vulgare*.—12. *Anagallis flore pœniceo*.—13. *Ranunculus sceleratus* L. applied externally.—14. The root of the *Polygonum bistorta*.—15. *Mercuialis perennis*.—16. The warm blood of quadrupeds which has for a length of time been regarded as a cure for the falling sickness.

Mr. Rehmann justly observes, that none of these remedies can be relied on as efficacious until their effects are proved by medical experiments. But as every popular notion of this kind is worthy the attention of the learned, it is to be hoped, that the power of the above-mentioned remedies will be ascertained by the impartial and repeated experiments of skillful physicians and naturalists.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD.—Wednesday, Dec. 17, the last day of Michaelmas Term, the following gentlemen were admitted to Degrees:

DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW.

Rev. James Moore, of St. John's College.

BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.

Rev. John Russel, sometime Student of Christ Church, and now Master of the School of Charter House, Grand Compounder.

Rev. Charles Wrottesly, Fellow of All Souls' College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.

Rev. William Sutton, of Balliol College.

Rev. Robert Heath, of St. John's College.

Rev. Robert Faithfull, of Wadham College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Mr. John Sydenham, of Exeter College.

Mr. Charles Henry Watling, of Jesus Coll.

Mr. Francis Bayett Grant, of Christ Church.

Mr. Wm. Ferriar, of Brasenose College.

Mr. Gilbert Henderson, of Brasenose College.

Frederick Sullivan, Esq. of Brasenose College.

Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Brasenose Coll.

Mr. John Woodcock, of New College.

Mr. George John Thomas, of St. Mary Hall.

Mr. Nicholas Aylward Vigors, of Trinity College.

Mr. George Warry, of Trinity College.

Mr. Philip Filleul, of Pembroke College.

The whole number of Degrees in Michaelmas Term was—D. D. 5; D. M. 2; D. C. L. 1; B. D. 6; B. M. 2; B. C. L. 3; One Incorporation of B. C. L.; M. A. 19; B. A. 70; Matriculations 143.

The whole number of Matriculations for the last year ending at Michaelmas, was 335.

The number of Candidates to whom Testimonials for their Degrees were given by the Public Examiners, on the 14th, but who were not admitted into either of the Classes, amounted to 43.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TIPPOO SULTAUN.

"He who left his palace in the morning, a powerful, imperious Sultaun, was brought back a lump of clay, his capital taken, and his kingdom overthrown." (Letter in the Bombay Courier, 24th August, 1799.)

That day, he rose
In health and lusty power,—Sultaun of half
The East—Fresh, like the morning sun—(Alas!
And with that sun to die.)—His port was such
As well became a king.—High beat his heart
With pride—and expectation on his brow
Sat grimly smiling.

The guards awoke—each from his feverish
dream
Of conquest or of fear;—the trumpet plain'd
Thro' the far citadel, and thousands trooped
Obedient to its mournful melody—
Soldier and chief, and slave.—And he, the
white,
Traversed his hall of power, and with a look
Deeply observant, glanced on all;—then, wav-
ing
His dusky arm, struck thro' the listening crowd
Silence and dumb respect;—his glaring eye
Shot red with massacre,—and from his tongue
Stream'd words of vengeance;—Fame he pro-
mised then,
And wealth and honours to the brave, but woe
To those who fail'd him.

There he stood,—a king,
Half-circled by his Asian chivalry,
In figure as some Indian God,—or like
Satan, when he beneath his burning dome
Marshal'd the fiery cherubim, and called
All hell to arms.
The sun blaz'd into day;—Yet may I not
Tell of the battle, save that sounds of war
Came thickening;—first, the steed's shrill neigh,
the drum
Rolling at intervals—the bugle note,
Mix'd with the hoarse command—alternately—
Then (nearing on) the firm and regular tread,
The trampling horse, the creaking wheel that
bore
The dread artillery.—Some might tell at large
How those far-deepened sounds were heard,
that seem
To spread, and fill the vacant element—
How fierce the dark king bore him on that day,
And bravely,—like a common slave he fought,
Heedless of life, and cheer'd the soldier on.—
Deep in his breast the bullets sank—but he
Kept on—and this look'd nobly—like a king.—
That day he earn'd a title with his life—
And made his foes respect him.

When he grew faint towards night,
His soldiers bore him in,—they wept,—he was
Their old commander, and (what'er his life),
Had led them on to conquest.—Then—(it was
His wish)—they placed him on his throne.

He sat
Like some dark form of marble,—with an eye
Staring and strained with pain, and—motion-
less—
And glassy as with death,—his lips compressed
Spoke inward agony—yet seem'd he resolute
To die a king!—A foeman came, and strove
To tear away his regal diadem;—
Then turned his eye,—he rose—one flush of
anger
Tinted his cheek—and fled.—He grasp'd his
sword,
And struck his last—faint, useless blow;—and
then

Stood all defenceless.—Ah,—a flash—and quick
Fled the dark ball of death.—Right thro' the
brain

It went, (a mortal messenger,)—and all
That then remained of that proud Asian king,
(Who startled India far and wide, and shook
The deserts with his thunder,) was—a name.

The morning saw him in his strength.—The noon
Furious and bleeding, but a king.—The night
A lump of clay!—Mark this, ye who shall read
My tale, and draw the moral.

H.

ROSOLIA.

Rammenta chi t'adora
Ancora in questo stato—

Ask me no more of her;
The tale is idle—past—'tis of the things
That lie i' th' heart, as in a monument,
Faded,—but holy—not to be disturb'd.—
Yet, 'twere not much to say, that she was fair,—
No—nor, that when she smil'd, her smile was
sweet,
Most subtly sweet;—nor, that her slender
form
Was touch'd with grace by nature.—Aye, yon
wave
Dying in lines of silver,—this green stem
Wreathing its sanguine clusters o'er our heads,
That willow swaying in the sun-set wind,
Are but its emblems—lifeless images.

But for her cheek's carnation,—see those
streaks
Tinting the ocean clouds,—anon a flush
From pale to crimson lighting up their wreath
Like roses springing from the mountain's snow!
Anon a zone, a wave of hyacinth,
With golden touches, as it meets the sun
Floating between their pomp. Look there,
and see,
Tho' faint, the summer beauty of her cheek,
With the dark tress that veiled it.

When I sat
Beneath her eye—I felt its splendour on me,
Like a bright spell.—'Tis not the diamond's ray,
Nor vesper star-light, nor aught beautiful
In this descending sun, or in this world,
Can bring me back its witchery,—'twas a soul
That has no portraiture on earth, a beam,
As we have heard of angels, where no lips
Are wanted to give utterance to the thought.
Its glance was radiant thought.—Yet when her
voice
Spoke to me, or at evening o'er her lute
Breathed some old melody, or clos'd the day
With her due hymn to the Virgin,—I have
turn'd
Ev'n from the glory of her eye—to weep
Tears painful from their joy.—I weep no more,
My world is done.—There lies—Rosolia's grave.

Y.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ANECDOTE OF A SPANISH WIDOW.

One day (said a foreigner of distinction) while I was on a visit to her Excellency the beautiful and charming Duchess de Sainte P—, Madame de S—, the widow of an officer of the Walloon guards, came with a petition that she might be admitted by her Grace to the honor of an audience. The Duchess, on receiving this message, appear'd to hesitate on the answer she should return, which induced me to request that I might be no impediment to her granting the interview solicited; on which an assent was im-

mediately given, and soon after the lady appeared, dressed in the deepest mourning, and veiled from head to foot. This shade, however, she raised as, with an air of inconsolable grief, she approached the Duchess, and informed her that she had within a few days experienced the greatest of misfortunes in the loss of the best of husbands; adding, while a torrent of tears bathed her face, "As you must be sensible, Madame, nothing can be more deplorable than the situation of a poor officer's widow since the Queen and the Duke of Ripperda have persuaded the King to suppress their pensions. I am actually in danger of wanting bread, unless your Excellency will take compassion on me, and relieve my distress by marrying me to the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment." This petition was closed with sobs and sighs.

"I pity you most sincerely," replied the Duchess, "but I am quite at a loss to understand by what means I can effect your wishes, and oblige the Lieutenant-Colonel to accept the hand you are so willing to bestow on him."

"By the easiest in the world, Madam," eagerly returned the widow, "you have only to order the Marquis de Spinola, Inspector-general, to grant me a formal permission to marry the Lieutenant-Colonel."

The Duchess then inquired whether any attachment subsisted between her and the officer with whom she wished to be united. "Ah! Madame," exclaimed the petitioner, with great animation, "I have long entertained for him a great affection, and I have no reason to doubt that he returns it, and will readily consent to be united to me when he knows it was my husband's wish, who knew of my partiality, that I should marry his friend."

It was impossible for the Duchess to preserve her gravity at this artless avowal of the fair mourner's plans and feelings; but, quickly softening her laugh into a smile, she graciously assured Madame de S— of her willingness to serve her; but feeling, she added, that the speaking to the Inspector-general on the subject of the widow's wishes would come with more propriety from her husband than from herself, she would immediately repair to his Excellency, and procure permission for her introduction to him, when she might plead her own cause, to which her eloquence could not fail to give due effect. For this purpose her Grace quit-
ted the room.

As the Duke de Sainte P— was at this time confined with the gout, Madame was pleased at having an opportunity of affording him a little amusement at the expense of the widow; compensating, however, for so doing, by first obtaining a promise from her husband, that he would embrace her cause. Having prepared her lord for the smiles and tears, and melancholy graces of the afflicted relict, the Duchess returned to conduct her to his Excellency, who had with him, when Madame de S— entered, the minister at war, and another nobleman of the court. The widow, after gracefully bending to the Duke, repeated, with still stronger expressions of grief and agitation, the request which she had before addressed to her Grace.

Various questions ensued on the part of the Duke, the answers to which were so well seconded by the fine bedewed eyes of the widow, that, turning to the Minister of War, he requested, as a favour to himself, that he would forward her wishes. The Minister, with great goodness, assured the petitioner he would instantly dispatch the required order to the Marquis de Spinola, and was taking his leave to perform this promise, when that nobleman most opportunely arrived to inquire after his Excellency's health. The Inspector-general was well acquainted with Madame de S—; but not suspecting the business which had brought her to the Duke's, accosted her with compliments of condolence on the irreparable loss she had so recently sustained by the death of her husband, an officer for whom he expressed the highest esteem. This address again roused all her distressed feelings, and she poured them forth with such lively expression of sorrow that the Marquis de Spinola, who was not like the other spectators, in the secret of her real feelings, was quite overpowered by his own, till the Minister of War seeing calm succeeding to this last burst of lamentation thus addressed the sympathising Inspector. "The dead husband, Monsieur, is no longer in question; on the contrary, the subject under consideration is the procuring a living one, through whom the disconsolate widow may be restored to happiness and comfort. To you she looks for effecting this change in her present forlorn situation; and for this purpose solicits your permission that she may marry the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment to which her deceased husband belonged when living."

The Marquis de Spinola replied, "If the Lieutenant-Colonel solicits my consent, far be it from me to throw impediments in the way of Madame's finding consolation for the death of one husband, in the arms of another." The widow then hastily departed, promising to return speedily—which she did, and, with a gay yet modest air, presented the Marquis de Spinola a letter from the Lieutenant-Colonel; on reading which, that nobleman courteously praised the taste shown by the writer in his choice of so amiable a lady, and at the same time complimented her on her dexterity in making an event which threatened to degrade her, the means of her elevation; with which compliment the fair petitioner appeared highly gratified. It was, indeed, a master-stroke on her part, in the success of which she had great reason to triumph. Nor did she attempt to conceal the pride and pleasure with which she glowed, but with much animation thanked all present for the good fortune they had joined in procuring her, and departed with a countenance from whence all traces of grief had vanished.

When the widow had retired, the whole party indulged in a hearty laugh, and some free animadversions on her sudden transitions from sorrow to joy. The Duchess compared her to the Ephesian matron; but the gentlemen were more indulgent, and the Marquis de Spinola, in particular, endeavoured to soften the indecorum of her conduct,

by relating many instances of the correctness and amiableness with which she had performed all the duties of a wife.

The Duchess could not resist relating this adventure to the Queen of Spain, which created in her Majesty a curiosity to see the principal actress in it, and the widow was accordingly introduced. On this occasion, the Queen took a malicious pleasure in questioning her respecting her deceased husband, and witnessing her theatrical display of extravagant grief.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Our dramatic records for the week furnish us with but a solitary subject; for the quarto form of our publication, and we may add its greatly augmented circulation, preclude us from noticing any thing so late as the pantomimes on the night previous to our issuing from the press.

Our single subject is however one of interest: no less than an effort to bring Shakspeare upon the modern stage under new modifications, and from plays which have long ceased to be acted. While we call this a bold, we must also say it is a legitimate and worthy attempt. What we may think of its execution is another thing; our opinion of the merit of the undertaking is decided. Who the artist is we cannot tell; the name of Merriman has been mentioned, a name with which we are unacquainted; and though there may be a principal mover of that denomination, we are inclined to think that the getting up of this drama has been a sort of joint Stock Company business, in which Mr. Kean has had a large share. We have two reasons for this supposition; 1st, because that gentleman is exempted from the management of Mr. H. Johnston in all plays in which he performs, when he becomes *de facto* the acting manager; and secondly, because after this play had been cast and the respective parts given out to the actors for study, they were recalled and the best bits cut out of each to be put into the mouth of York, and raise that character to importance sufficient for the leading tragedian.

But whoever were the compilers, the compilation is from the *three parts of King Henry the VI.*, and intitled, "RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK, or the contention of York and Lancaster."

Accustomed as the public have been to the other historical plays of Shakspeare, and to the performers in characters nominally the same, or, vice versa, it would have been well if the play-bills, in order to prevent confusion, had distinctly mentioned the dramatic personæ instead of merely enumerating the actors. The chief were as follows:—

Henry VI., Mr. Maywood.
Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Holland.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, Mr. Pope.
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, Mr. Kean.
Earl of Rutland, (his Son) Miss Carr.
Duke of Somerset, Mr. Penley.
Duke of Suffolk, Mr. Roe.

Young Clifford, Mr. Wallack.
Warwick, Mr. Barnard.
Jack Cade, Mr. Harley.
Horner, the Armourer, Mr. Wenitzer.
Peter, his Prentice, Mr. Knight.
Queen Margaret, Mrs. Glover.

Salisbury, Buckingham, and we believe, Exeter, Northumberland, &c. were also among the characters, and performed by Messrs. Bengough, T. P. Cooke, R. Phillips, Powell, &c. while Oxberry, Coveney, Hughes, and Smith, filled the lower parts as followers of Cade, &c.

Of the three plays whence this play is compounded, we feel the most entire conviction that the first, called "the First part of King Henry VI." was not written by Shakspeare, but by Marlowe, Greene, and probably Peele; and brought forward about 1590, under the title of "The first part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster; and that the second and third parts, as Malone contends, were re-modelled and appropriated by our immortal bard, from "the True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York," of the same authors.

In the original, the first play commences with the obsequies of Henry V., and the speech,

"Heng be the Heav'ns with black, yield day to night,"

which has been transferred by Cibber to Richard III.; and dwelling on the wars in France, in which the Maid of Orleans is the heroine, it ends with Suffolk's success in negotiating the marriage of Margaret of Anjou to Henry the VI. The second play begins with the Queen's arrival, and going through the feuds of the rival Roses, concludes with the battle of St. Albans, and the triumph of the Yorkists. The third play commences with Henry's adoption of York as his successor; details the defeat and death of the Duke of York; the turn of affairs at the battle of Tewton; the elevation of Edward IV. to the throne, and the civil wars in which Warwick, (who changes sides,) King Henry, and his son Edward, fall martyrs to their rivals.

These three pieces constitute a mass, in which there is either no leading character, (speaking in the stage phrase,) or several which divide the interest. Thus Talbot, Warwick, Humphrey of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Richard Duke of York, Edward IV. his eldest son, and Richard of Gloucester his brother, so well known to us as Richard III., as the action proceeds, become in turn the prominent figures. The compiler of this Play strikes out the first and two last of these, and enriches his Duke of York with their spoils, who is thereby rendered more effective in exact proportion as his delineation is removed from the truth of history. In his mouth is put the speeches of the Earl of Exeter, of Duke Humphrey, of Warwick, of Clifford, of Richard his son, of Sir J. Mortimer, and for aught we could ascertain, of sundry others. The temporizing and ambitious York is thus constituted a hero. For example, in the old plays, Exeter's soliloquy, (sc. 1, act iv. part 1st.)

"Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice,"

is given to York, Richard himself. In Scene

1, act iii. of 2d part, York accuses Duke Humphrey of taking bribes of France and Gloucester answers,
 "Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?" &c.

The former speech is transferred to Suffolk as against York, and Kean's happiest hit in the Play was the above line in the answer.

The bloody Clifford's soliloquy on being mortally wounded, (3d part, act ii. scene 6.) is put into the last scene of the present Play as York's mortal lament, and he is represented, contrary to history, as wounded to the death, in order to make it suit him.

Warwick's appeal to the King, on Duke Humphrey's murder and the rising of the people, is assigned to the Duke of York, who supersedes the former through the whole of this important scene. The bold incitements of Sir John Mortimer and Richard, to induce York to give battle to the Queen, instead of standing a siege in Sandal Castle,

"We'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Richard. Ay, with five hundred, Father, for a need.

A woman's general; what should we fear!

are also given to York, instead of the timid quere which Shakespeare puts in his mouth. Richard's claim to single out Clifford in battle is unreasonably transposed to his father, in fight against Clifford's father, where the same cause of enmity does not exist.

"Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace, For I myself will hunt this wolf to death."

But we need not pursue these remarks to show that much is sacrificed for the sake of rendering Richard of York a paramount character. Yet, after all, the attempt has failed; for, except in three or four passages, Mr. Kean was unable to make a strong impression. The rest was all level, and by no means superior to Warwick, Clifford, and other warriors.

The compiler is judicious in having selected very little from the first part. The scene in the Temple Gardens, (the 4th of act 2nd) where the red and white roses become the badges of the two factions; that in which York is restored to his dignity; and that in which York and Somerset come to a rupture before the King, respecting their partizans and cognizances, are nearly all that are retained. From the second part, the quarrel of Horner and his apprentice, Peter, is taken, and egregiously mutilated. Also Suffolk's plots against Duke Humphrey; the murder of the latter; banishment and death of the former, with variations; York's strengthening himself with Salisbury and Warwick; his revenge of the murder of Humphrey, instead of being an accessory, as in the old play; his victory at St. Albans, and allowed claim to succeed Henry; Cardinal Beaufort's death, the subject of Sir Joshua Reynolds' fine picture, and the revolt and operations of Jack Cade, with sundry interpolations, and a conclusion not over-consistent. The third part supplies the disposal of Henry, and events consequent thereupon; the resolution of Queen Margaret, and the battle of Wakefield, in which York is made prisoner and slain. The remainder of this drama, as well as some passages in its precursors, had

already been plundered by Cibber, for his Richard III. or we make no doubt it would have been laid under contribution on this occasion; though, from the account we have endeavoured to give, it will appear that the action terminates very consistently with the death of York.

Mr. Kean's youthful look was injurious to the illusion of the scene; it was impossible to conceive him the father of two or three warrior sons; and generally in his contentions with Somerset and Suffolk (in the former especially, from the *petit-maitre* appearance of Mr. Penley) no fancy, however powerful, could imagine that the peace of a nation was at issue. The scolding wanted dignity and importance. But in fact, the whole aspect of the play, with only two or three exceptions, was too youthful; and scarcely one of the principal characters looked their part.

The feeble and irresolute Henry was rendered almost ludicrous by Maywood, who was seldom energetic but in a wrong place. The exquisitely pathetic soliloquy which he delivers during the battle of Towton in the original 3d part, is here placed in the battle of St. Albans; but the picture of royal anguish, and rural happiness, fell lifeless from Mr. Maywood's lips. It is but fair to acknowledge, however, that the representation of the monkish and whining monarch is a task of extreme difficulty: such parts require more talent and skill than those of bustle and force, which are infinitely more effective, and infinitely more easy to enact.

Of Mr. Kean's York we have already said so much incidentally, that a distinct criticism would be merely repetition. His manner told in three or four passages; but all the inroads committed on the other parts, to build up this into very marked importance, failed; and there was much of a level between it and Suffolk, Clifford, Warwick, and Beaufort. In these, Mr. Rae did justice to the first, and Mr. Wallack to the second. Both played with spirit and energy: the latter almost overbalanced himself in carrying off his father's dead body, and a laugh arose at the expence of the modern *Aeneas*. Barnard performed Warwick in a manner highly creditable to his talents; and Pope, though correct and impressive, failed (who would not?) in depicting the sublime and appalling death of that tortured sinner. Except John Kemble (and we are not sure even of his powers,) or his incomparable sister were the actor, such a scene as this can never reach the vivid imagination, which its perusal in the closet creates. The other noble performers were very respectable; Mrs. Glover excellent. The low cast was also well done, though the compiler has not made the most of his materials. The dresses are rich, and calculated for effect; but there is no great regard paid to correctness of costume. The scenery is much to be commended, particularly two new scenes, the Temple garden, and an ancient street.

Upon the whole, though there was something of heaviness about this production, it is certainly an effort deserving of public encouragement. The dialogue possesses great force and beauty; there is an endless suc-

cession of incident; and in spite of the want of the main action being sustained to the last and a sufficient interest given to the hero, the attention never flags. It is probable therefore that this play will continue to form an agreeable diversity in the course of our amusements, though it does not mount to that commanding station which the playing dramas of Shakspeare possess. Some compression and the familiarity of the performers with their parts will add much to its attractions, and we trust it will meet the success it deserves.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

The news of the week is unprecedentedly scanty. Our readers may, in few words, be told that the French budget consists of 767,778,600 francs of revenue, and of 993,244,022 francs, wanted for the public service: consequently there is a deficit of above 225,000,000 of francs. The loan which we have before mentioned is to meet this deficiency, and its negotiation (said to have been successfully completed) has lowered the English funds about two per cent.

The chamber of deputies has met day after day to discuss the projet relative to the press. The law for placing the Journals under government control to the end of the session 1818, has been separated from the rest, and passed in the commons. The remainder of the minister's plan is likely to be adopted with a few alterations.

A son was born to the Grand Seigneur at Constantinople on the 24th October, and named Soliman.

The Dey of Algiers has quelled a conspiracy against his life, and executed a dozen of the ring-leaders, Turkish soldiers.

A report that the Duke of Cambridge will espouse the Princess Augusta, youngest daughter of the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse, now in her 21st year, is in circulation.

We lament to say that the intelligence from the West Indies rather tends to corroborate the afflicting news via America in our last.

Mr. Hone has been acquitted on two other prosecutions for his profane and blasphemous parodies; the juries having held that his *intention* was not to bring religion but government into contempt. We believe the latter indeed was his chief design, and are sorry that, this being the case, he escaped the punishment which the use of lawless means so richly merited. We trust that both our law and faith are too firmly rooted to be shaken by such men as this Hone, but there is no doubt that his acquittal is calculated to work great evil among the

lower orders. It is not our province to dwell on the atrocious conduct of the rabble insulting justice in her seat, and intimidating her administration. Neither shall we comment upon the wretched artifice played off by Hone and his partisans in disclaiming the purpose of republishing these parodies *except in the report of the trial*, and raising a clamour against any person's being so wicked as to pirate them. The parodies sell at 2d each, and a million of them would not bring as much lucre as Hone expects to gain by the sale of his trial!

Lus Cases has published some more garbled letters; he has been sent under the police to Berlin. Masenbach has been condemned to four years imprisonment.

VARIETIES.

THEATRICAL PRACTICES.—Something of the impartial composition of theatrical audiences may be gathered from an advertisement which appears in the Morning Chronicle of the 17th, offering "to procure an appearance before a London audience under the most favourable auspices, for any Lady or Gentleman of Theatrical Talents:—but it must be understood, that although no pecuniary recompense is expected, yet it will be necessary that those who apply should

be able to induce their friends (to a certain degree) to form a part of the auditory," in other words, money for the theatre and applause for the actor, are indispensable to this honest bargain. Such things being done, who can wonder at the shouts which are lavished on bad performers and bad pieces. An auditory of friends, though modestly limited to "a certain degree," will account for a hitherto inexplicable phenomenon.

M. Giseke, a learned mineralogist of Germany, who has had the singular courage to pass six consecutive years in the frigid climate of Greenland, has lately arrived at Copenhagen, whither he had previously forwarded his collections of natural history. He intends to profit by the collections at present existing in Copenhagen, and there is reason to hope that he will shortly publish a complete description of a curious but little-known country.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Lord Byron's *Giaour*, intitled the "Fragment of a Turkish Novel," has been translated into Italian verse by Pellegrino Rossi.

The death of the Princess Charlotte forms the subject of a Lithographic Print, after Marlet, among the novelties in the Parisian "Gravures."

Mandeville is already announced at Paris in a translation by Madame Elizabeth de Bon.

The library of the late M. Suard, Secretary of the French Institute, is to be brought to the hammer on the 7th January. The sale will last twenty-seven days.

Pierre-Nicolas Guerin died at Paris on the 21st October, aged 65. He was the author of *Thoughts from Juvenal's Satires*, with a French translation; to which on a second edition was added *Thoughts from Persius in the same manner*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondent styling himself "a most thorough Anti-Godwinite," and censuring the Review of *Mandeville* which appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, because he is "acquainted with minds not an iota less singular" than that of the hero of the *Novel*: is respectfully informed, that no writer in the *Literary Gazette* is Anti-Godwinite, or ever personal; that our strictures are invariably limited to the works before us, and that the Reviewer, whom he condemns, is only an Anti-Mandevillite, because he thinks the whole family are exceptions to human nature, and therefore unfit subjects for a pencil pretending to trace and develop human passions. Who would take a dog with two tails, or a kitten with six legs, as models whence to delineate the characteristics of the canine or feline species?

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